# OW WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

AUTHOR OF "RED MOUSE" "RUNNING FIGHT," "CATSPAW, "BLVE BUCKLE,"ETC.

WILLIAM HAMILTON

NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY THE PATHE EXCHANGE.

Moving Pictures of each installment of "Neal Of The Navy" will be shown every Friday night at the Dreamland Theatre SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the cruption of Mount Pelee Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princess rescues five-year-old Annetts Ilington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Ilington is assaulted by Hernandez and Penio in a vain attempt to get papers which Ilington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes his mind to become a biank. Thirteen years elapse. Hernandes, now an opiem smuggler, with Ponto, Inex, a female accomplice, and the mindless brute that once was Ilington, come to Beaport, where the widow of Captain Hardin is living with her son Neal and Annette Ilington, and plot to steal the papers left to Annette by her father. Neal tries for admission to the Naval academy, but through the treachery of Joey Welcher is defeated by Joey and disgraced. Neal enlists in the may. Inex sets a trap for Joey and the copspirators get him in their power. Annette discovers that heat applied to the map reveals the location of the lost island. In a struggle for possession of the map Hernandez, Annette and Neal each secure a portion. Annette sails on the Coronado in search of her father. The crew mutiny, and are evercome by a boarding party from U. S. Destroyer Jackson, led by Neal. In Martinique Annette and Neal are captured, but are rescued by a sponge diver. Inex forges identification papers for herself as Annette. In an insurrection Neal and Annette are again captured, carried to the fun City and Annette is offered as a sacrifice to the sun god. They are rescued by marines from the Albany. Landed in Tertuga. Annette and Neal are captured and exposed to yellow fever infection by Hernandez, but are rescued by sailors from the Albany. Inex tries to reb Annette and escapes. On her way to Chantillo Annette is captured. Neal is premoted and exposed to yellow fever infection by Hernandez, but are rescued by sailors from the Albany. Inex tries to reb Annette and escapes

#### **ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT** THE DREADFUL PIT

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Dangerous Delay.

The ire of Hernandez was now thoroughly aroused. A quickstiver mine on the Lost Isle of Cinnabar-probably unworked for a century or moremeant millions, many millions. Hernandez realized the fact. He was playing for high stakes-very high.

"My ancestors," he told Ponto, "had a coat of arms—a motto. 'Ride through'-that was what it said, friend Ponto. I shall follow it—that injunction. I shall ride through. They were lounging, breathless,

panting, against a tree trunk that had fallen athwart one of the invisible trails of a Central American jungle. With them was Senorita Inez Castre. "What we want most of all," he

continued, "and what we must getis the Lost Isle of Cinnabar. We have the evidences of ownership-all save the Spanish grant in the hands of the Fathers of the Santa Maria mission. Let us seek at once the mission. Let us get all evidences of ownership. Then, as the crow flies, the four of us will seek Lost Island-yes and find it. Once found-possession may be ninetenths of the law-we'll have possession. But to us possession will be more than that. We know no law."

At Chantillo some few miles away. things were happening. Ensign Neal Hardin with his squad of fifty men from the cruiser Albany across the neck, had arrived to board the battleship Missouri, waiting for them in the waters off Chantillo. These were the fifty men who had so nearly lost their lives on the dirt cars of Montrada

Annette was with them-end Neal was at her side. They were grouped on the wharf.

Neal beckoned to the captain of the little coast steamer that was tied up to the wharf.

"Senor," he said, "behind me is the long arm of the United States government. My government protects its citizens. Here is a citizen-Miss Ilington. Here is another-my mother. Here is a third-my friend Welcher. Dire things nave happened, senor. Look. Somewhere in that jungle hide three desperadoes and a woman. They have many methods-but one in particular. At night they will come to you and offer money to be taken aboard." He tossed a stern glance at the captain and tapped him on the "Senor," he continued, "cast your eye over the Missouri there-my ship. Think of the long arm of my government. Take these desperadoes aboard at your peril-at your peril, senor. I have warned you. The rest

is up to you. The little captain shivered a bit. "Si. senor," he returned, swiftly, with a bow, "it shall be as you say."

Meantime the third member of Annette's party, Mr. Joseph Welcher, had strolled behind a convenient shed to find a resting place for his weary bones and to smoke his fiftieth cigarette that day. He struck a matchstarted to light his cigarette. Then something bappened. The match went out-the cigarette was knocked un-

ceremoniously from his lips. "What the-," he began. Then he stopped. A stone was lying at his It was this stone that had knocked the cigarette from between his lips-and had almost knocked a at length-and there seemed a note of tooth or two as well. But there was disappointment in his voice - "the something else to wonder at. A bit daughter of my old friend llington. of crumpled paper had fluttered to the

Welcher picked the paper up and friend llington is dead?"

glanced warlly about him. Suddenly,

he saw- The jungle's edge came down nearly to the water. Something was stirring in this thicket. Joe stared. And suddenly the face of a woman-Inez Castro, peered out from behind the huge leaf of a tropic plant.

"Read." That was the message flashed from the eyes of Inez Castro to the brain of Joe Welcher. Joe read.

The note was brief and to the point: We do not board this steamer. But we must reach Santa Maria first. It is up to you and you alone, to create all possible delays. Do not fail us now.

That night at dusk, Joe Welcher lounging on the deck of the small steamer as it steamed north along the coast-shambled over toward a scuttle, and peered down to see what he could see. What he did see was machinery-the vessel's machinery, working emoothly, well oiled, well cared for-for a steamboat engineer is a steamboat engineer the world over.

What he saw was that for the moment, no one was in charge-momentarily the engineer had stepped outside. This was the instant that Joe Welcher had been waiting for. Furtively he drew from his breast pocket a small bar of steel. For one instant he held it suspended over the machinery. Then he let it drop and noiselessly tiptoed BWRY.

Almost immediately there was a terrific grinding noise below, followed by a terrific joit. Then the engines stopped-and the steamer followed suit. Passengers and crew rushed to the captain-Annette included.

"What has happened," she demand-

"Something dropped into the machinery and a connecting rod is broken, senorita. It will take time-hours to repair."

At midnight the break had not yet been repaired

At midnight, another small steamer, also bound north along the coast, passed stlently along upon her way. She was within hailing distance, but she gave no sign.

#### CHAPTER XLIX.

False Impersonation.

In the interior of the chart room on board the battleship Missouri, Neal Hardin-ensign-was discussing with his brother officers the possibilities of the Allemanian war.

A senior officer was poring over translated wireless messages. Against the wall was a modern Mercator's map

Finally he rose. "A new coaling station-that's the trick," he said. "and we've got to see somebody in authority at Los Angeles—unless they meet us en route. The state depart-ment's got to dicker for a coaling station."

He adjusted his glasses and examined the map. "H'm," he said, "Allemania-here's Allemania." He pondered the map carefully—sizing up all possibilities - measuring distances. Finally he placed his finger tip upon a spot in the Pacific ocean.

"There," he said, "is the spot-some where about there."

"What's the latitude," queried another officer, getting out a section of another map. His senior told him. "And the longitude," he asked. His senior told him that.

"Eigteen degrees north," mused the junior, "and 123 degrees west." He pored over his sectional map. shook his head.

"But," he protested, "there's no land there—there's no island to be seen.

Neal almost jumped out of his skin. "There is an island there, uncharted and unmapped," said Neal, "but it's there. It's the Isle of Cinnabar-we call R the Lost Isle.

"Who calls it the Lost Isle?" Neal told them Annette's story, from start to finish.

The commander smiled. "We get our coaling stations by making treaties," he said, "I've never heard of making a treaty with a girl, but I suppose it can be done. We'll have to wireless Washington about that. And I know pretty much what our orders will be now-suppose you guess."

Neal smiled. "Follow the girl," he

So they followed Annette. But others had preceded her. Even while Annette's journey was but half way through something was happening at the Santa Maria mission in Lower California.

Brother Anselmo was seated at his table, facing Hernandez and his party. Inez Castro leaned a well-rounded arm upon the table and glanced innocently into the eyes of Brother Anselmo.

"I am Annette Hington," she said. The brother nodded. "I am sending for the papers, child," he said.

"So you are his daughter?" he said He was my young triend then. Youhis daughter. And you say my old



"This," He Exclaimed, "Is the Grant -the Original Grant."

The chin of Senorita Castro quivered. "Dead," she faltered. She dropped her face into her handkerchief.

"When did he die, my daughter?" he asked soothingly.

"In 1902" interposed Hernandez, "I was with him-he was destroyed at the eruption of Mount Pelee. We were his friends, Ponto here and I-his partners. We tried to save him. It was no use. He was engulfed. He died-a horrible death."

"She was a small child then," said the priest.

"Yes," said Hernandez.

"Does-does she remember her father-Ilington?"

"Hardly, said Hernandez, "we've tried to make her remember—but noshe hardly does."

The face of Inez Castro was still buried in her kerchief. The priest watched attentively the heave of her shoulders.

Brother Anselmo sighed. "Ah, grief has a long, strong arm-it reaches over decades. And the loss of a father-ah me . . . Here," he exclaimed, "here are the papers. Let us have a look."

Inez straightened up. Hernandez and Ponto moved forward. So did the Brute. The sudden movement seemed to startle the priest. He looked up hastily. He caught sight of the blank face of the Brute. He rose.

"Who-what is that?" he demanded pointing toward the Brute's blank countenance.

"A servant," returned Hernandez, picked up from a shipwreck som three years ago. He had been a longshoreman. He is demented-always so, they told us. He is devoted to us all—particularly to Annette." The priest stared at the Brute and

the Brute returned the stare.

come to me later." he exclaimed.

"The eyes," said the priest, "I never forget eyes. I've seen those eyes somewhere before." He tapped his forehead. "Let me think-whenhow-" Finally he shook his head. "It will

The priest shook out an old and

'aded parchment. "This," he ex-claimed, "is the grant—the original Hernandes in his eagerness, seize

a corner of the grant. The priest brushed his band away. "Patience, son," he said, "there can

be no delivery until I am satisfied. This charge has been handed down to

Inez pointed toward a paper on the table. "There!" she exclaimed, "is my photograph—and the letter from the governor of Martinique."

Brother Anselmo picked it up and looked it over. It was Annette's letter-and it had been vised by the governor of Martinique, and originally it had been attached to the photograph of Annette Ilington. Now, however, genuine as the letter was-genuine as was the guaranty of the governor of Martinique-yet the photograph was the counterfeit presentment of Inez Castro.

"Ah, yes," he said, comparing the picture with the face of Inez and taking advantage of the opportunity to search her very soul, "ah, yes. The identification would seem to be complete."

"Then," said Inez, "I may have the grant?"

The priest folded up the papers and returned them to the iron box that had contained them. He rose and smiled,

"Nothing in my life have I ever done," he said, "without prayer and sleep. This is an important matter. It requires praying over-sleeping over. Come on the morrow, daughter, and I shall then make delivery. Until then-adios."

CHAPTER L.

Hidden Peril. "Look." said Hernandes, catching

Inez by the wrist, "the party has ar-He handed his binoculars to Ines Castro. She looked. "They are just landing," she said, "it is all up. They will go to the father of the mission

and will make their claim." "What difference does the grant make," she exclaimed, "why take the risk of getting it? Already that old priest suspects something. What I do not know. But he suspects. Why not take the bit in our teeth and make for Lost Island-get there at

once? Why not?" Hernandez shook his head. "We need every advantage," he said, "if we have evidence within our hands, she

will have none. Without the grantwithout all the evidence, we will not be believed. With it we will be taken at our face value. Let us get all we can. Let us leave her without proofshe will be help as then."

Hernandez kicked Ponto with his foot. Ponto sat up rubbing his eyes. "Ponto," said Hernandez, "the party has arrived."

"They will go to the mission and spoil it all," said Ponto.

"No," returned Hernandez, "thank our lucky stars the mission is a good two miles out of the village. They will first put up at the hotel-later they will start out for the mission. It is then, on the way there, we must intercept them-you must, Ponto. You and the Brute. This time he will do his duty-or I'll flay his hide. Wake

him up. You have no time to lose." Hernandez was quite right. Annette flington, even more eager than had been her enemies, could hardly wait the moment when she might stand before the fathers of the Santa Maria mission and claim her own.

Ponto woke the Brute with a vicious application of the whip lash. "Spare him not, Ponto," said Hernandez," if he disobeys this time, cut

his hide into strips-I give you leave." At a half run Ponto and the Brute started across the desert, dodging here and there behind little hillocks of sand. Finally the village was cut

off from their sight. "Now we can run," Ponto cried. "make haste."

No sooner had he spoken then his 142 Mixed from Brogan & foot slipped-he sank into the up to his waist. "Help," he cries "a quicksand-

The Brute pulled him back to terra ma. But it was not a quicksand, as Ponto soon found out. It was a trap a trap for jaguars.

Ponto shivered. Then he replaced the dried brush and grass and earth. Nimbly he climbed into one of the overhanging trees. Then he slid down, nodding to himself with satisfaction.

"She must pass within a hundred yards of this place to reach the mission," he exclaimed, "Beast, we wait here until she comes." -

(To be continued)

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